

BRIDES OF LENT AND EASTER BRIDES TO BE

The wedding of Miss M. Elouise Davis, daughter of Mrs. Joshua Williams Davis, to Lindsay Russell took place last week at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Herbert Shipman, assisted by the Rev. Albert Mink. Mrs. George Coleman was the bride's only attendant. Hamilton Holt acted as best man.

The church of the church was decorated with palms and ascension lilies. The ushers were Stanley McGraw, Hegeman Foster, William Bibb, Earl Babst, Morgan Davis and John Barrett.

The bride walked down the nave with her brother, J. Edward Davis, who gave her in marriage. She wore an empire princess gown of white satin with a

point lace and her veil of point lace was fastened with a spray of orange blossoms. She wore a necklace of diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Attending the bride were Mrs. J. Watson Webb, the bridegroom's sister; her sister, Miss Julia A. Dick, and the Misses Eleanor Hastings, Elizabeth Bacon, Ruth Adams, Harriet Ferry, Alice Dickson and Lisa Stillman.

Stephen M. Edgell was best man and the ushers were Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen, Henry O. Havemeyer, J. Watson Webb, Joseph W. Burden, Charles H. Jackson, Harry T. Peters, William K. Dick and Elliot Cross. There was a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dick, 20 East



MRS. HORACE HAVEMEYER



MRS. RICHARD HOWELL



MISS FLORENCE SHEEDY



MRS. LINDSAY RUSSELL

court train and with point lace on the bodice. Her tulle veil was fastened with orange blossoms, and her only ornament was a crescent shaped diamond brooch. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids.

Mrs. Coleman, who preceded the bride, wore a gown of pink satin with spangled lace on the corsage and a black hat trimmed with black tulle. She carried pink roses and lilies of the valley.

Following the church ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, 26 West Fifty-third street. Among the presents were several gifts from Japanese in New York and a piece of cloisonné from the Japanese Ambassador and his wife, Mr. Russell being president of the Japanese Society of this city. There were several pews reserved for the prominent Japanese guests at the church and many of them, including Baron Uchida and Consul-General Miduno and his wife, attended the reception.

In the Church of the Incarnation early in Lent Miss Doris A. Dick, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Dick, was married to Horace Havemeyer, only son of Mrs. Henry O. Havemeyer. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Philip Cook.

The floral decorations were elaborate.

The entire chancel was massed with large palms forming a bower, and at the base were Easter lilies, azaleas and forsythia.

The pews were marked with clusters of snapdragon and English stocks tied with white satin ribbons.

The bride entered the church with her father, who gave her away. She wore white satin with court train trimmed with

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MRS. HORACE HAVEMEYER'S BRIDAL PARTY. MISS JULIA DICK, ELEANOR HASTINGS, ELIZABETH BACON, RUTH ADAMS, MRS. LINDSAY RUSSELL, MISS FLORENCE SHEEDY, MRS. RICHARD HOWELL, MRS. J. WATSON WEBB, JOSEPH W. BURDEN, CHARLES H. JACKSON, HARRY T. PETERS, WILLIAM K. DICK, ELLIOT CROSS

JUST A PLAIN DICKER

LACKAWAXEN, Pa., April 8.—"The squire had come in from the creek with a slammest mess o' the biggest suckers I 'most ever see," said the man from the Knob country. "They wa'n't p'ticly good lookin', but they was fat as beechnut bears an' hard as punkins, an' the Squire was feelin' considerable puffed up over the ketch, bein' as it was the first that had come in."

"Me an' Simon was gittin' ready to say somethin' nice about 'em, but Uncle Jase never as much as glanced at 'em nor at the squire, an' 'fore me an' Simon could get a word in Uncle Jase up an' says, talkin' straight at me an' not nothin' nobody else nor nothin'."

"Dan'l," says he, "when my gran'papa's folks below the falls so big that they was almost incredible to look at. They couldn't git up above them falls into the sparklin' headwaters, though, an' 'fer that my gran'papa's folks an' all the rest o' the folks in the deestrie rejoiced."

"But they did git up into them sparklin' headwaters, Dan'l, consarn 'em!" says Uncle Jase, actin' as though the remembrance of it was eatin' deep into his gizzard. "They did git up into them sparklin' headwaters, them suckers did, consarn 'em, arter all! It wa'n't owin' to their own gumption that they got there, though. It was all owin' to the smartness o' the Knob country bears an' their all pervadin' hankerin' arter fat an' juicy young pork."

"Dan'l," says he, "them bears has got a heap to answer fer!" says he.

"Simon and the squire glared at Jase a while an' then went to examin' an' talkin' about the squire's ketch, p'tendin' they wa'n't hearin' what Jase was sayin'."

"Then I says to him: 'Why, is that so, Uncle Jase?' I says, 'I want to know.'"

"It's funny," says Uncle Jase, ponderin' 'em, "how much Knob country history there is that folks don't seem to have heard about," says he.

"Then he turned to me ag'in an' if

A Pig for a Lift Up the Falls the Toll Collected by Smart Knob Country Bears From the Suckers

that grin o' hisn wa'n't beginnin' to sprout some then I'm tremendous mistook. He says: "Well, anyhow, Dan'l," says he, "them sockdollers o' suckers had tried all sorts o' ways to git a foothold so to speak in them purlin' headwaters, an' I've heard an' o' fun over the disapp'intin' circusin' o' them suckers reachin' out every now an' then an' yankin' in some fat an' foolish circusin' as he riz up in the air an' then chavin' of him; though my gran'papa use to say that it was a wonder he didn't bust a laughin' to see the way them bears lay back an' picked sucker bones outen their teeth with a sharp stick," says Uncle Jase.

"If the squire an' Simon wa'n't hearin' what Uncle Jase was sayin' I don't see why the Squire made setch a fight lookin' move to'd him an' why Simon stretched his neck 'round the crackin' bar'l an' puckered his mouth o'zactly as if he was goin' to whistle fer his dog. But that's as far as they got an' Uncle Jase kep' right on talkin' to me an' I could see that his grin was thivin'."

"Oh, them 'tarnal bears, Dan'l!" says he. "They make my blood bile every time I think on 'em!" says he. "Natur'ly, Dan'l," says he, "pigs was pigs along the creek in them 'arly days, an' the bears was so plenty that a settler who brung up a litter o' pigs in the way they should go was a citizen who stood high in the Knob country an' could be lectured to anything he had a mind to run fer."

"One day," says Jase, "as gran'papa sot on the bank o' the creek with his gun in his hand, keepin' watch over a litter o' pigs o' hisn that was wallerin' in the soft edge o' the shore, it struck him as bein'

somechin' most amazin' that he didn't see no pork pinin' bears glarin' at him from 't'other side o' the creek, their mouths waterin' fer some o' them fat an' juicy little squealers, 'cause he hadn't never seen a day afore that when none o' them bears wa'n't doin' of it."

"He stood there chucklin', thinkin' the bears had made themselves scarce, 'cause they had concluded that gran'papa was a little too wide awake a feller citizen fer them to 'spect to honeyfoggle any pigs away from, when all o' a sudden, Dan'l," says Uncle Jase, "one o' them pigs gran'papa was standin' guard over was yanked back'rds from the soft edge o' the creek where he was layin' a-snoozin', an' out into the water, where he went out o' sight like a stone sinkin'!"

"Dan'l," says Uncle Jase, leavin' for-rids an' scowlin', "jest think o' that!" says he.

"I didn't hardly have time to think of it, as I was watchin' to see whether Simon was goin' to throw the Squire's string o' suckers at Uncle Jase so as I could ketch it in the air, but the squire grabbed Simon's arm an' the string wa'n't throwed; not that the squire keered p'ticly. I don't think, about sayin' Uncle Jase from bein' mussed up, but there was two or three fair to middlin' meals in that string o' fish. So I didn't have time to think of it afore Uncle Jase was talkin' right along at me ag'in, an' his grin was plain enough growin'."

"Dan'l," says he, "gran'papa hadn't ketched his breath yit arter seein' that pig o' hisn go down out o' sight right afore his eyes when down went another un' like the snuffin' out o' a candle! Neither o' them pigs kim up ag'in, Dan'l," says Jase, "an' gran'papa stood there starin' at the place where they had been, with no more vim in him, he use to say, than a gravestone; but by an' by he got his tongue an' he let it loose."

"Why, gollywobzle it!" he says. "Them ordacious an' schemin' bears has dug a mine under the creek an' is yankin' my pigs down into its orful depa!" says he.

"Then, Dan'l," says Uncle Jase, "seems like the thought o' that set him wild an' he went tearin' like a runaway horse up the creek an' never come to himself till he heered the falls a-roarin' an' tumblin'."

"Then he flopped down on the bank an' tried to conjer up the whys an' the wherefores o' things, an' as he was conjerin' he see somethin' queer raise up outen the creek over at the edge o' the bank on t'other side."

"Lookin' a leetle closer he see that it wa'n't only one somethin' that had ris up; it was two somethin's. An' what

was they, Dan'l?" says Uncle Jase. "What was they?" says he.

"Uncle Jase stopped so positive an' seemed to pine so fer me to tell him what they was that I was put to my tape, fer I ain't no way 'arnt about things that raises up outen the water that way; but not wantin' to spile the run o' Uncle Jase's history nor to disapp'int him I says on a venture:

"Mermaids, Jason!" I says. "Mermaids o' course!" I says.

"My nat'l history may be consider'ble outen plumb, but what little I got red o' answerin' Uncle Jase jest then struck Simon as bein' so up an' up that he lifted the kiver offen the pail o' loose chavin' an' beckoned me to come up an' help myself, but Uncle Jase got the start o' me to'rds the pail an' 'fore Simon could shet the kiver down an' set onto it dinged if Jase hadn't took out loose chavin' enough to last him all the rest o' the day; an' thankin' Simon kindly he sot down on the counter smilin' an' says:

"No, Dan'l," says he, "they wa'n't mermaids. Them two somethin's wa'n't nothin' but the snoots an' knobby heads o' two termenous big suckers, the kind that rooted around in the creek below the falls."

"Now, that didn't strike gran'papa as bein' anything so amazin', but the queer things them two suckers had in their snoots sort o' flabbergasted him. As he stood there, Dan'l, tryin' to cipher out what them queer things was, says Uncle Jase, 'what should come outen the bushes on the bank across the creek but a couple o' them smart an' pork pinin' bears that made pig rasin' so onartain in the Knob country in them days.'"

"They rushed down to the water, them two bears did, Dan'l," says Uncle Jase, "an' grabbin' hold o' them queer things that was stickin' outen the snoots o' them two big suckers they most sent my gran'papa off into a faintin' fit when he see an' lift outen the water them two fat an' juicy pigs o' hisn that had been yanked outen sight down the creek only a little while afore, an' liftin' out with 'em the two big suckers which was holdin' in their snoots the tails o' them two pigs!"

"An' then, Dan'l," says Uncle Jase, "what do you s'pose happened?" says he.

"I was feelin' so sorry out up over Jase's headin' of me off with the loose chavin' that I had a consarned notion to spile his history by thinkin' up somethin' that happened that would take the shine all offen it, but seein' Simon an' the squire glarin' so at him, an' feelin' that I'd only be gratifyin' them two, I sided with Jason ag'in an' says:

"Why, I hain't got no idee what happened, Uncle Jase," says I. "Somethin' onheerd on, though, I'll bet a farm," says I.

"Dan'l," says Uncle Jase, "them bears jest took the tails outen the snoots o' them suckers, laid the drowned pigs on the bank, an' carryin' the two suckers

up to the top o' the falls, chuckin' 'em in the sparklin' waters above 'em, where long lines o' suckers fer untold centuries Dan'l," says Uncle Jase, "had tried their best to git an' never could! Jest a plain dicker betwixt bears an' suckers, Dan'l," says Jase. "Pig fer a lift up the falls; a lift up the falls fer pig!"

"That's all there was to it, Dan'l," says Uncle Jase. "An' the goods was delivered right before gran'papa's bulgin' eyes!" says he. "But them eyes got over bulgin' in time fer gran'papa to sock them two conspirin' bears full o' buckshot 'fore they could git back into the woods with their price fer liftin' the suckers up the falls, so he got the carcasses o' them two bears as well as them o' the two onfort'nit pigs."

"But it was too late to save the innercence o' the purlin' headwaters, Dan'l," says Uncle Jase. "The corruptin' sucker seed was planted. It tuck root. An' it flourished. An' I want to tell you that Knob country bears has got a heap to answer fer, Dan'l! Hullo, squire!" says Uncle Jase, turnin' round, jest as if he hadn't see the squire afore nor didn't have no idee he was there. "Well, I swan, squire, if you hain't been fishin' fer suckers!" says he.

"He looked the squire's mess over as if it was a duty he owed, an' then says to the squire:

"Be you goin' to eat 'em?" says he. "Some folks does," says he.

"I don't know as it's any o' your business what I'm goin' to do with 'em!" says the squire, an' I see he was peppery an' no mistake.

"Uncle Jase nodded to the squire as much as to say that he guessed that was so, an' then he says:

"Well, squire," says he, "if you take a sucker an' parbille it quite a spell an' then fry it hard with plenty o' salt pork to kind o' give it a taste like, an' shet your eyes an' count ten betwixt every mouthful to keep your dander from raisin' up an' gittin' the best o' your longest to open your mouth an' cuss some considerable at the bones, it might be that you'll find that a dinner o' yarks an' the hip bone of an ox ain't so amazin' fur about it as it fer fodder as some folks think," says Jase. "Yes," says he, "after takin' another ponderin' look at the squire's string, I've heerd that there is folks that eats 'em," says he.

"Then Uncle Jase wobbled out, an' when I see him ag'in a couple o' hours later he was riggin' up some snares to go down to the bend o' the creek to snare a mess o' suckers."

EARLY RAILROAD STRUGGLES.

When Not a Foot of Lane Could Be Built in the State of Minnesota.

It seems strange that only sixty years ago Minnesota was practically unknown except to the Indian trader and the trapper. It wasn't made a Territory until 1858, and its whole population at that time was less than 5,000. Inside of seven years, though, it had 100,000 inhabitants, and half of them had swarmed in during the last year of the seven.

It was a railroad that did the business. The first one to reach the Mississippi River along the Minnesota boundary got there in 1854, and its opening was celebrated by an excursion to St. Paul on five large river steamers filled with the invited guests of the railroad company.

The accounts they gave of the new Territory were responsible for the rush of settlers. By 1858 the population had become so large that Minnesota was admitted as a State on May 12 of that year. But the railroads, although they had made the State, couldn't seem to have the favor returned. A lot of charters had been granted in 1853, but the companies that secured them couldn't sell their stock or bonds. Nobody wanted them.

The Government tried to help by granting land to these paper railroads, but the land couldn't find buyers with real money to put up for it, even when the best pine lands were offered at \$4 an acre. Finally the Territorial government lent the roads, four of them at least, Territorial bonds of the value of \$5,000,000 and bearing 7 per cent. interest. But these bonds could be sold only at an enormous discount, and again the roads were in trouble.

Contracts for construction were let in 1858, but with no money practically no grading had been done. In 1860 the State had a population of 170,000, says the *Northwestern*, and not a foot of railroad within its borders.

In 1860 the interest that was due on the State bonds that had been sold by the Territorial government had not been paid, and the subsequently the Governor, under the trust deeds, advertised the roads for sale. No bids were made for the roads and they were bid in by the State at \$1,000 a road.

In 1861 to help the really defunct roads the Legislature passed a law that revived the charters that had been forfeited by the failure to pay the interest on the bonds of the State loan and restored their land grants and franchises. This effort was as futile as others had been and no money could be had to build with. And once more the State became the residuary legatee and owner of the roads.

The only real result of these efforts to get railroads was that the State had a debt of \$5,000,000 that drew 7 per cent. interest and not a mile of operated road.

In 1862 new companies were chartered by the State, and by the end of 1862 two of these companies had succeeded in building a total of forty-six and one-half miles and three others had built a total of forty-three and one-half mile.

THE BLUEBIRD'S COLOR.

How a Brown Robin Came to Wear the Color of the Virgin.

The friendship between the robin and the bluebird is accounted for in an old legend, says the *Ave Maria*.

"When the robin, filled with play for his suffering Lord, bore Him drops of water as he hung upon the cross a little brown bird thought:

"Oh, I too love Him! Why can I not do something to ease His pain?"

"So she made a cup out of a leaf and filling it with water, met the robin and gave it to him so that he would not have to fly so far as he returned for more of the cooling liquid. And when at last he came with news that his Lord was dead she bathed his bleeding breast that was wounded by the cruel thorns."

"Then the master of the birds said to the little brown bird: 'Because you loved the Lord and would have helped Him you shall henceforth wear a coat the color of the one His mother wears.'"

"And that is why this little brown bird has ever since then been a little blue bird and is never far away from the robin when he comes in the spring. This will be something to think of when a bit of blue flies between you and the sun and you know Our Lady's bird has come."

In Buenos Ayres Theatres.

From Daily Consular and Trade Reports. A new municipal ordinance in relation to theatres and other public places of amusement in Buenos Ayres went into effect on January 1, 1911. The following are a few of the regulations of interest:

The wearing of hats by either sex is prohibited after the performance begins. The execution of singing of national hymns is prohibited except on occasions of patriotic anniversaries and at special invitation permitted by the local Mayor of the city.

The use of any national flags in representation in the theatre is prohibited except under conditions as above stated.

Boxing is prohibited. The throwing of birds or other kinds of animals is prohibited.

Persons under 16 years of age are not permitted to perform in acrobatic, circus or gymnastic exhibitions excepting as provided for by the law.

The wearing of uniforms similar to those worn by the army, navy, police or firemen is prohibited, excepting as provided for by the law.

Former has a part which tends to bring ridicule on the uniform.

California Warnings to Automobileists.

From the Chicago Examiner.

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a life for a life," accompanied by a picture of a skull and crossbones, is the inscription on huge signboards placed along the mountain route between San Jose and Santa Cruz, Cal., to warn motorists that the mountaineers and farmers will no longer permit speeding on the highways.

Complaints have been daily coming to the District Attorney of that region asking him to prevent drivers racing through the mountains. The principal objection is that the residents in the mountains between San Jose and Santa Cruz are afraid to send their children to school because of the danger.